

Restless and Burning by retoxification

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Summary:

Love for you is larger than the usual romantic love. It's like a religion. It's terrifying.

Restless and Burning

Author's Note:

This is the first time I'm writing anything for this pairing, but I love them, so I had to give it a go. This isn't beta'd, so all mistakes are mine.

Summary comes from Richard Siken's 'Crush'. If you haven't read it yet, you really need to.

Also, this does take place after Steve's beat down at the Byers, they obviously worked things out, but it isn't discussed in this story.

Please let me know what you think, con-crit is welcome!

Billy's laying on his side watching as Steve gets comfortable next him. He looks peaceful and relaxed, an increasingly common occurrence these days. They don't have many opportunities to fuck but, when they do, it's worth the wait.

"Stay the night?"

It's a plea and a demand at the same time. Billy knows Steve has a rough time sleeping without someone there.

"Sure," Billy would never leave this bed if he didn't have to. "but I gotta leave early to get home before my dad wakes up."

Steve nods in understanding, leans in to sneak one more kiss, and promptly passes the fuck out.

He's never been shown love, so he isn't quite sure how to express it to Steve, but he thinks the other boy understands Billy's feelings regardless.

When they're with each other his blood feels like lava that won't stick to the confines of his veins- he's constantly running hot and Steve only seems to fuel that fire. He thinks that this is what love must feel

like. There's rocks in his throat choking him up, butterflies in his stomach, and something hot and heavy that's blooming in his chest.

He thinks, at some point, his ribcage is going to burst open under the weight of all his feelings and Steve is going to see all the ugly and desperate parts of him. Steve is going to see how rotten he is and walk away, leaving behind the toxic mess that is Billy.

Billy's eyes fall shut and he knows how this will end. Boys like him don't get to be happy, at least not for long. He knows he's a piece of shit who doesn't deserve any of the good that has come into his life lately. He's going to crash and burn and probably take Steve out with him. He's selfish and awful because even though he's going to end up hurting Steve, the only way things are going to end between them is over Billy's dead body. Or if Steve decides he's done with Billy's bullshit and tells him to fuck off (like he probably should).

He opens his eyes again and slowly reaches his hand out and traces along Steve's brow bone, his nose, and his lips. He feels like a live wire and all he wants to do some days is live inside of Steve. He knows his feelings are bordering on obsession, but he can't help it. He thinks all the years of not having anyone to love, even platonically or familial, has caused him to store it all up and give it to Steve.

Billy knows he is an emotional boy, quick to cry, laugh, and get angry. Steve is the exact opposite though, more reserved with everything, and Billy isn't sure if that has to do with how things ended between him and Wheeler, or if he's always been like that. It doesn't really seem to matter though, because Billy finds himself not so quick to anger lately, and Steve has become increasingly affectionate with him.

He lays there, awake in Steve's bed, thinking about a possible future between them despite knowing what's in store for him. He knows how this is going to end, either him in tears and heartbroken and Steve gone, or dead in a ditch, whether it's due to his own stupidity or by the hand of his father, he's not quite sure yet.

It's almost time for graduation and there's a fire under Billy's ass. He cannot wait to get the hell out of this dead town and go somewhere that's far away from his dad. The only thing holding him back, of

course, is Steve. Billy may be desperate to leave Hawkins, but he rather be stuck here with him than be free and miserable.

He's never broached the subject with Steve, their future together, because he's terrified of the answer. Terrified Steve won't only want to stay here but also tell Billy that this thing between them, was never supposed to last.

While lost in his own thoughts he doesn't realize he has been running his fingers through Steve's hair. Another habit he seems to have picked up around his boy, he can't seem to be around Steve and not be touching him.

Steve slowly comes to, feeling Billy playing with his hair.

"Why the fuck aren't you asleep Hargrove?" Clearly Steve isn't impressed with the too early wake-up call.

"Sorry, sweetheart," he's not really, though, he wishes they didn't have to sleep at all and could spend their limited time together talking, kissing, and fucking- nonetheless he removes his fingers from where they're tangled in Steve's hair.

Rather than fall back asleep, Steve seems to become more alert by the second.

"Is something wrong?"

And Billy knows Steve cares deeply for people he's close to, and while he used to think it was a flaw, caring too much just leaves you as an open target to get hurt, he appreciates being on the receiving end of it.

He realizes that he's going to have to show his hand at some point, bare his heart and soul. He's going to have to let Steve know that what they have, between them, is for real, for keeps. Like he said, he knows that this will eventually go to shit, but it doesn't matter because he never said he was smart and he's only thinking about now.

"I'm leaving this place after graduation," Billy's mouth is working faster than his brain and he's not sure what he planned to say after

that little declaration.

“I figured,” Steve admits, not looking shocked or upset at all. “I wouldn’t want to stay here either if I were you.”

Billy should’ve known Steve would’ve realized that. Should’ve known his boy didn’t have his head up in the clouds, ignorant to what was happening in Billy’s home life and that he’s itching to get out.

He knows he should leave this conversation as is, probably go home before he opens his stupid mouth again.

Steve knows that Billy wants to leave, but never brought it up. Billy wonders if his little premonitions are coming true and that Steve is tired of his bullshit- tired of him- and he’s only riding things out with Billy until he leaves, biding his time, probably because he’s too soft-hearted to break things off.

Still, he never said he was smart.

“I want you to come with me.”

They haven’t even said ‘I love you’ to each other yet.

Billy feels like an open wound, nerves exposed and inside leaking out. Waiting for a response from Steve is taking ten thousand years and he wishes he never said anything at all.

In reality, Steve only takes about 10 seconds to answer. He rolls his eyes and flicks Billy’s nose.

“Of course I’m going with you,” Steve has an incredibly exasperated look on his face for someone who was dead to the world less than five minutes ago. “I wouldn’t let you leave without me, anyways.”

And, well, Billy might as well go all in at this point.

“Glad we’re on the same page, Harrington,” Billy laughs, then catches Steve’s eye and whispers softly, “I love you.”

This statement, though, does seem to catch Steve off guard though. He looks stunned for a second before a soft, sweet smile takes over

his face.

“I love you too. I think you ruined me for anyone else, Hargrove,” Steve’s leans in and kisses him, slow and carefully, like he doesn’t want to shatter this moment, “I can’t stop thinking about you, it drives me nuts.”

Billy’s heart hammers in his chest. Happiness floods through him like a tsunami and he almost cries from the sheer relief he is feeling, in fact, he’s pretty sure he feels a couple tears slide down his cheek. Like he said, he’s an emotional boy.

“Good. You’re stuck with me, Baby.”

“I wouldn’t have it any other way, you sap,” Steve laughs softly, not mentioning Billy crying but does cup his cheek and wipe off the tear tracks with his thumb. “Now come here, you’re too far away.”

Grinning, Billy crowds in close to Steve and kisses him, pouring in all his love, happiness, and hope.